

local news

Our basketball team will fail this year

On account of Eddie's on it,

Personals

Wilbur, I've gone to buy some knishes,

Marge, I left the key under the geraniums

Consumer report

Arrow to a gargantuan pill on a poster,

Actual Size

How do I love me?

I love me I myself my shadow I me

Eye poem

HELL

o

-- Emilie Glen

New York, New York

Johnny Rigoletto

I have a vision

of a scarred old dwarf in woolens

hunching down a cobblestone alley

beneath a flat yellow moon,

and his rind face

which he lifts and opens for the merest second

is the emptiness of a cold volcano.

That is Johnny Rigoletto

whose daughter lost her cherry to the Duke,

the nobles tickled her feet while he did it,

now her father hunches down the alley,

sniffed by dogs

an archetype of the Fool

musing on the greater evil.

-- Gerald Ivan Locklin

Tucson, Arizona